AMBROSE J. HERRON,

The First Democratic Mayor in the History of the City of Greenfield, Indiana.

The Mayor-elect of Greenfield, Indiana, was born in Decatur county, Indiana, February 13, 1844, where he resided until a few months after the war of the great Rebellion broke out. On December 10, 1861, he enlisted as a private and served the term of three years, after which he veteranized, and was soon promoted to first corporal. Soon after he was detailed as regimental color bearer, and remained in active service until the close of the war. Returning to Indiana, he settled in Shelby county, where he remained until March 20, 1872, when he came to Greenfield and has since resided among those people. July 24, 1873, he was married to Miss Cinderella Gebhart, a handsome and accomplished young lady, with whom he has resided until surrounded by four children. Mr. Herron is a carpenter of experience and practice, and is an honor to his profession. His election over Mr. Sparks proves that he is held in high esteem by the citizens of Greenfield. Mr. Herron is an economic gentleman, and tax payers may rest easy that, as far as the Mayor is concerned, the affairs of the city will be run in the interest of economy and reform.

MISS SARAH.

"No, not a single cent do they get from me," said Miss Sarah Jenkins, with a peculiar expression of her thin lips, as she took her spectacles from her nose and slowly replaced in its envelope the letter she had been reading to her friend, Miss Hepzibah Lackey. "I think I know my duty as well as most folks, an' givin' help to Susan Bayard and her children don't come under that head."

"But bein' as they are your own kin," said Miss Hepzibah, deprecatingly, "it's only natural for 'em to look to you."

"Let 'em look. They'll take it out in lookin'. I told Tom when he married Susan Bayard that the day'd come when he'd rue it. She was allers spindlin' an' sort o' helpless. But Tom was that headstrong he wouldn't listen to nobody. He spent his last cent in buyin' that farm over to Milford, an' then had to mortgage it 'fore he could start his crops."

"It was unfortunate his dyin' so soon," said Miss Hepzibah, who was a kindly old soul. "If he'd a lived a couple o' years more he'd paid for the place and left Susan comfortable. I shouldn't wonder but she's had a hard pull these two years to get along with those three children."

"Most likely she has. But I don't see as I'm called upon to shoulder her. Goodness knowns I've enough already without lookin' for any more."

"Yes, your hands are pretty full—that's a fact," said Miss Hepzibah. "I hear folks sayin' every day that they don't know what the minister would do without you."

"I reckon I've labored pretty faithful in the Master's vineyard," said Miss Sarah, "if I do say it, as shouldn't."

"And you'll get your reward, Miss Jenkins," said Miss Hepzibah, as she rose to go. "You can allers take comfort in thinkin' that. But I do wish you could see your way to help Susan a bit."

"She don't deserve help," and Miss Sarah's tone was decidedly acid. "She'd oughter have taken my advice in the first place. I told 'em how it would be, an' it comes out pretty much as I said. I told Tom she was too everlastin' delicate, and would break down in less'n five years. But he would have his own way an' marry her, an' now here she is laid up just as I said she'd be."

"Pity they didn't listen to you," said Miss Hepzibah, as she went out. "But you know young folks is gener'ly mortal headstrong."

Miss Jenkins often boasted that she never spent an idle minute; and there was always work of one kind or another for her to do; but after her visitor had gone she sat for some time with her hands in her lap, thinking over the contents of the letter she had just received.

Tom's marriage with Susan Bayard, the orphan daughter of a man who, to use the expression of his neighbors, had never been "forehanded," had not pleased his sister, who thought Susan far too delicate and dainty to prove of much help as the wife of a farmer of slender means.

Tom, however, had been very happy in his wedded life, and had never regretted his choice, as he took pains to say to his sister whenever he wrote her.

And Miss Sarah, who wasn't as good a Christian as she thought herself, and did not fancy being called a false prophet, resented his happiness, and allowed a feeling of enmity to grow up in her heart against Susan.

Tom's death, seven years after his marriage, was a terrible blow to his wife and children, who were left almost penniless.

But Susan, knowing the way in which she was regarded by her sister-in-law, did not dream of calling upon Miss Sarah for help.

Through the influence of a friend the young widow secured the position of teacher in a district school and for two years, on a very slender salary, had managed to keep the wolf from the door.

Then the mortgage on her home was foreclosed, and a long illness which followed her removal from the farm to a small room in the village of Milford made it necessary for the trustees of the school to provide another teacher in her place.

The sale of the furniture of the farmhouse provided Susan with money to defray her expenses during her illness; but she found herself when convalescent utterly penniless, and with three small children looking to her for support.

It was then that, with a heavy heart, she wrote to her sister-in-law, and it was a letter which ought to have called forth only sympathy and pity from the recipient, but which gave Miss Sarah only a strange sort of pleasure, being able at last to say, "I told you so."

As she sat in her kitchen that warm July afternoon, the quiet broken only by the ticking of the large eight day clock and the purring of the cat by the stove, she was thinking what she would write in reply; in what words she would remind Susan of Tom's declaration that "neither he nor his should ever ask for a favor or a cent at his sister's hands."

The clock struck with a loud, whirring noise, which aroused Miss Jenkins with a start from her reverie, and she sprang up surprised and shocked to find how long she had been idle.

"I'll let her wait awhile for my answer," she thought, "It'll do her good to be in suspense a bit. And I reckon it ain't too late to go after them blackberries in the medder-lot. First thing I know them pesky boys will be after 'em, and I won't get none for jam."

She put on her sun-bonnet, and taking a large tin pail from the pantry, went out. She paused on the path which led to the meadow to look back at the house, thinking it was very likely Susan had calculated on being asked to take up her abode there.

It was a large, old-fashioned house with roomy chambers, wide fire-places, and plenty of windows. The grounds surrounding it were shaded, and an abundance of flowers bloomed in the front garden. It would have been a grand place for children to play, but none had ever played there since Tom had been grown. The place had been left to Miss Sarah by an aunt, and Tom had had no share in it. Miss Sarah, however, had cared for and supported her brother who was very much her junior, until he was able to strike out for himself; and she had made him a present of $500 when he attained his majority. She thought she had done more than her duty by him, and she desired that he should pay her some consideration in the matter of his marriage. She had never felt the same toward him since, though she tried to heed the old motto, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," whenever she spoke to him.

The blackberries in the meadow were very ripe and large, and so plenteous that Miss Sarah had no difficulty in filling her pail in a very short time.

It occurred to her as she walked homeward that perhaps the minister's wife would want to make jam, too, and would appreciate the gift of a few quarts of berries, such as these. So, on reaching home, Miss Sarah filled a smaller pail with the fruit, and starting out again, turned her steps toward the village.

"I looked such a sight in this sunbonnet, I reckon I'd best go in the back way," she thought, as she approached the neat frame dwelling in which her pastor lived. "Like as not they've got company to tea."

The heat, combined with the long walk to the village, had caused Miss Sarah to feel very tired, and as she entered the minister's garden, and her eyes fell on a delightfully shaded arbor, she concluded to rest a few minutes until she was cooler.

"My face must be as red as a beet," she thought, as she seated herself on one of the rustic chairs. "I wish to goodness I'd brought my umberell."

She had just concluded that she was sufficiently cooled off to present herself at the house, when she heard voices, and peering out through the vines, with which the arbor was well screened, she saw Mr. Lawton, accompanied by a lady, coming down the path.

Miss Sarah drew back, and wished very sincerely that she had not thought of bringing the berries, or had stopped at home long enough to put on a nice dress; for the lady was a stranger, and looked so exquisitely neat and cool that Miss Sarah felt herself by contrast decidedly untidy.

She had no doubt that the minister was about to show his companion the way to the arbor, and her heart sank at the thought of being found in such a plight. But suddenly the stranger paused, and bent to pick a rose of great beauty.

"If we only could be like this rose," she said, "as fair within as without."

"You forget," said Mr. Lawton, "how often we see worms eating into the very heart of the most beautiful roses!"

"Is nothing true, then! Are we never to be able to put faith in the outward seeming of any thing or any one?"

"Those who make the loudest professions are often the most corrupt," said the minister; "and as I was saying a moment ago, there are so many, who think themselves Christians because they go regularly to church, teach in the Sunday school, use no profane language, and give liberally to the missions. But they do not think it necessary to guard their thoughts, to fill their daily lives with little acts of kindness. Now, you are a stranger here and are to leave us to-morrow, so I can speak to you as I could not to one familiar with the people who make up my congregation. I will give you a case in point. I have in my church a woman of middle age, who lives alone on a farm a couple of miles from the village. She is very active in church affairs, is always ready to visit the sick, go among the poor or give to a charity. She has provided for the education of several heathens in Africa, and has taught a class in the penitentiary, visited the jail and made herself generally useful. But nevertheless, she is selfish, narrow and sordid to a pitiable degree. She does nothing without making a show about it, so as to be well regarded among men. For years she cherished feelings of enmity toward an only brother, because, forsooth, he did not marry to please her, and I was told not an hour ago that she has declared her intention not to help that brother's sick and penniless widow and children. She speaks of them with bitterness, and even seems to rejoice that at last they were forced to appeal to her for aid. I was asked to speak to her on the subject, but she would be highly insulted, I know, if I ventured to call her to account for her want of charity and natural affection. She thinks herself a Christian, but in my opinion she is very far from being anything of the kind. She will come into church next Thursday night and pray earnestly for the forgiveness of her sins, and for help to walk in the right way. But she prays only with her lips; her heart has nothing to do with it. She thinks and cares only for the 'outside seeming,' and—"

At this moment little Lulu Lawton interrupted the conversation by running down the path with the announcement that tea was ready; and the minister said no more.

But Miss Sarah has heard enough. She was pale and trembling, and so greatly disturbed that when she hurried from the arbor as soon as she could without being perceived she left her pail of berries behind her.

She met several of her friends on her way home, but she did not even bow to them, so absorbed was she in the recollection of what the minister had said.

Reaching home, she sat down in the big rocking-chair by the kitchen stove, and leaning her chin on her hand stared before her with eyes from which the scales had fallen. And she was looking inward—for the first time in her life.

"Only the outward seeming," she murmured over and over again under her breath, as if the sound of the words frightened her; "and after all these years I've only just found out that I haven't been a Christian."

Contrary to the expectations of Mr. Lawton, Miss Sarah did not appear at prayer meeting on Thursday night; and when he called to see her on Friday he was much surprised to find three curly-headed children making mud pies in the front yard who informed him in a loud chorus that they had "come to live with Aunt Sarah forever."

Miss Sarah greeted him very cordially, and though she looked tired and warm after her journey from Milford, she seemed as happy as possible.

"This is a great surprise, Miss Jenkins," said the minister, as he followed her into the parlor and took a seat.

"Yes, I reckon it'll be a surprise to most folks. But I ain't afraid but they'll live through it."

"I think you will be well rewarded for bringing your sister and her children here. Your life has been a very lonely one," said Mr. Lawton.

"Yes, I reckon I'll take considerable satisfaction out of it, and it does seem sort o' pleasant to have 'em round. There're well-mannered children. Susan's been mighty particular about them. Did you notice the boy as you came in? He's the very moral o' Tom."

As Mr. Lawton walked back to the village he wondered what had waked Miss Jenkins up to a sense of her duty. But he never knew.

Early in the following winter Miss Jenkins invited her pastor and his wife to tea. The table was well supplied with cake, pickels and preserves, a glass dish of blackberry jam occupied a position just before Mrs. Lawton.

"I am so fond of blackberry jam,' said that lady, as she helped herself to the article. "I put up more this year than ever and I had real good luck; but the best that I made was from some splendid berries that Lulu found in a tin pail in the arbor, that we always supposed were left for us by some one who didn't care to make himself known."

And the pastor and his wife never did know who left them.

The Climate in New Orleans.

[Blakely Hall in Philadelphia Press.]

"Speaking of the effect of the climate," he continued, "you should observe the change that has come over the Philadelphia policemen who came on here as guardians of the Liberty bell. You have seen some of the N'Orl'ns police? Round shouldered, hollow-eyed, dyspeptic and tired. They wear their coats and waistcoats buttoned, smoke cigarettes, carry umbrellas and are all suffering from malaria or chills. Most of them are beyond 50 and they are shockingly frowsy, y' know. There are only eighty of the poor invalid devils and their territory extends over 150 square miles. The people here had never seen anything like the policemen in the north, and when the fine-looking, healthy men came down from Philadelphia they provoked as much comment as the bell itself.

"Well, I've taken a malicious pleasure in watching the effect of the climate on the Philadelphia policemen. It first showed itself in a lack of erectness in carriage. The men became a bit round-shouldered and their heads hung forward. Then they lost the alert and wide-awake air that characterized them at first and, after that, they grew worse and worse until one of them passed my stand this morning wearing a dusty cardigan jacket, a cloth cap and unpolished boots. He actually slouched along. That's the effect of the climate.

Qualifications for the Stage.

["Betsy B." in The Argonaut.]

To the "stage-struck girl" who sends a note asking the advice which no one ever takes, and who urgently and rather defiantly requests me to put over my own pen-name what I consider the necessary qualifications for a young girl about to go upon the stage, I make answer:

A strong physique;
An unimpaired digestion;
A slender figure;
A marked face;
Strong features;
A carrying voice;
A lack of real feeling;
An abundance of pretended feeling;
Much magnetism;
Great fascination of manner;
Purity of speech;
Elocution to a degree;
A general knowledge of history;
A good general education;
A general knowledge of costuming;
A practical knowledge of economy in dress;
An artistic knowledge of the effects of distance;
Considerable business faculty;
Unflagging industry;
Undaunted ambition;
An utter lack of sensitiveness;
A capacity for taking pains;
An absolute and undisputed devotion to the theatre;
An unwedded life;
An ability to distinguish criticism from abuse or fulsome gush;
A readiness to profit thereby;
Some genius at advertising;
A quickness at seizing opportunities;
An adept at making yourself necessary;
A well-defined specialty;
A good memory;
Quick study;
Good luck.
Talent.

Coffee in Guatemala.

[Cor. Inter Ocean.]

The people of Guatemala have a peculiar way of preparing their coffee for the table. Every week or so a quantity of the berry is ground and roasted, and hot water poured slowly upon it. The black liquid which drips through is permitted to cool, when it placed in a bottle and set upon the table like vinegar or Worcestershire sauce. Pots of hot water and milk are furnished, with which the coffee drinker may dilute the cold black sirup to such a weakness as he likes This plan has its advantages, but it takes a long time to become accustomed to it.

Insect Pain.

[Scientific Journal.]

Minute dissections have proven that insects, though possessed of nerves, have no well-defined organs representing the brain, the seat of concentrated feeling, where all the nervous connections meet. They have, instead, a chain of gangli a or bundles of nerve-substance, from each of which nerves branch out to contiguous parts; so that the sensations are not all carried to one grand focus of acute sensibility as with us, but form in fact separate systems, any one of which might be destroyed without disturbing the sensation of the others.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE

BILL NYE TELLS WHAT CALLED OUT HIS FIRST FALSEHOOD.

The Sunlight of Hard Horse Sense—Houses Like Crazy Quilts—Misfit Rafters and Distorted Shingles — A Farewell Incubus of Humps.

[Original.]

It may be premature, perhaps, but I desire to suggest to any one who may be contemplating the erection of a summer residence for me, as a slight testimonial of his high regard for my sterling worth and symmetrical escutcheon—a testimonial more suggestive of earnest admiration and warm personal friendship than of great intrinsic value, etc., etc., etc., that I hope he will not construct it on the modern plan of mental hallucination and morbid delirium tremens peculiar to recent architecture.

Of course, a man ought not to look a gift house in the gable end, but if my friends don't know me any better than to build me a summer cottage and throw in odd windows that nobody else wanted, and then daub it up with colors that they have bought at auction and applied to the house after dark with a shotgun, I think it is time that we had a better understanding.

Such a structure does not come within either of the three classes of renaissance. It is neither Florentine, Roman nor Venetian. Any man can originate such a style of architecture if he will drink the right kind of whisky long enough and then describe his feelings to an amanuensis. Imagine the sensation that one of these modern, sawed-off cottages would create a hundred years from now, if it should survive! But that is impossible. The only cheering feature of the whole matter is that these creatures of a disordered imagination must soon pass away and the bright sunlight of hard horse sense shine in through the shattered dormers and gables and gnawed-off architecture of the average summer resort. A friend of mine a few days ago showed me his new house with much pride. He asked me what I thought of it. I told him I liked it first-rate. Then I went home and wept all night. It was my first falsehood.

The house, taken as a whole, looked to me like a skating rink that had started out to make money and then suddenly changed its mind and resolved to become a tannery. Then ten feet higher it had lost all self-respect and blossomed into a full-blown drunk and disorderly, surrounded by the smokestack of a foundry and with the bright future of 30 days ahead with the chain gang. That's the way it looked to me.

The roofs were made of little odds and ends of misfit rafters and distorted shingles that somebody had purchased at sheriff's sale, and the rooms and stairs were giddy in the extreme. I went in and rambled around among the cross-eyed staircases and other nightmares till reason tottered on her throne. Then I came out and stood on the architectural wart called the side porch to get fresh air. This porch was painted a dull red, and it had wooden rosettes at the corners that looked like a bran new carbuncle on the nose of a social wreck. Farther up on the demoralized lumber pile I saw, now and then, places where the workman's mind had wandered and he had nailed on his clapboards wrong side up and then painted them with the paris green that he had intended to use on something else. It was an odd-looking structure, indeed. If my friend got all the material for nothing from people who had fragments of paint and lumber left over after they failed, and then if the workmen constructed it nights for mental relaxation and intellectual repose, without charge, of course the scheme was a financial success, but architecturally the house is a gross violation of the statutes in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the state.

There is a look of extreme poverty about the structure which a man might struggle for years to acquire and then fail. No one could look upon it without feeling a heartache for the man who built that house, and probably struggled on year after year, building a little of it at a time as he could steal the lumber, getting a new workman each year, building a knob here and a protuberance there, putting in a three-cornered window at one point and a yellow tile or a wad of broken glass and other debris at another, patiently filling in around the ranch with any old rubbish that other people had got through with, and painting it as he went along, taking what was left in the bottom of the pots after his neighbors had painted their bobsleds or their tree boxes—little favors thankfully received—and then surmounting the whole pile with a potpourri of roof, a grand farewell incubus of humps and hollows for the rain to wander through and seek out the different cells where the lunatics live who inhabit it.

I did tell my friend of one thing that I thought would improve the looks of his house. He asked me eagerly what it could be. I said it would take a man of great courage to do it for him. He said he didn't care for that. He would do it himself. If it only needed one thing he would never rest till he had it, whatever that might be. Then I told him that if he had a friend—one he could trust—who would steal in there some night while the family were away and scratch a match on the leg of his breeches, or on the breeches of any other gentleman who happened to be present, and hold it where it would ignite the alleged house, and then remain near there to see that the fire department did not meddle with it, he would confer a great favor on one who would cheerfully retaliate in kind on call. BILL NYE.

BRITISH CONSOLS

The Peculiarities of English Bonds Explained—How Prices Vary.

[The Current.]

As the price of British consols (an abreviation of "consolidated annuities" and pronounced either con-SOLS or CON-sols, but naturally the latter way) is a certain mark of the feeling of security or insecurity of financiers of all kinds in London, the reader may just now be in need of the reminder that by far the greater portion of the national debt of the United Kingdom has been funded into a perpetual obligation of 3 per cent. interest per annum to the holders.

The British ministers, when they desire to borrow money, instead of offering a $1,000 bond at 6, 7 or 8 per cent., principal payable in ten or forty years, as was done in America, say to the money-lender: "We will pay 3 per cent. on everything we borrow. Now, how much of a bond do you want in return for $1,000?" The money-lender has received as high as $1,774 and as low as $998, according to the degree of credit enjoyed by the government. In this way the government has piled up an imaginary obligation of $3,500,000,000, or, in reality, has written an annual pension-roll of $145,000,000.

Now let us suppose that a man desires to "lend money to the government"—that is, to take the place of those who have so lent it, or of those whose ancestors so lent it. The investor takes $1,000 into the market. If Napoleon has just signed the peace of Tilsit, the lender obtains, as aforesaid, a bond for $1,774, on which he ever afterward is to draw 3 per cent. If Disraeli has just torn up Russia's treaty of San Stefano and taken Cyprus, the lender gets only an even bond for his $1,000.

Again, if time pass, and a premier without the governmental requisite of an iron will allow the nation to drift into a position of isolation with the most of the world and hostility toward the good fighters, then the holder sells his bond for $940, and may be glad to get that much. This holder has before held bonds for which he paid $1,000 and sold as low as $800, and as high as $1,020. Consuls have not been so low for seven years as they are at this crisis, but they are still firm, as 80 would be considered very low and 100 very high.

The idea of the consol wherein it differs from the American consolidated debt, is that the principal may vary in amount, but the interest never. This makes easier bookkeeping for the treasury, but exposes the treasurer to all the greater temptations to borrow. The dealings in government securities are "cleared" or "settled" once a month. This day (or any other like it) is called the London Account, and is the greatest of all the financial observances in the world. The actual payments of money balances at this clearing mount into the hundreds of millions.

PROGRESS ON THE CONGO.

What Has Been Accomplished — The March of Civilization.

[New York Sun.]

The 240 white agents of the International association and the French government along the Congo are beginning to introduce into that wild region many of the comforts and necessities of civilized life. They are now erecting at some of their stations frame houses that were built in Belgium and transported in sections to the Congo. The international stations are to be connected by telegraph, and a part of the plant is now on the way. A sanitarium has been established at Boma, sixty-five miles from the sea, and others are to be built at convenient points along the river as comfortable refuges for the sick. With the present improved roads and the perfected system of land portage past the cataracts, and the use of seven steamboats above Stanley Pool, it is found that it need not take many days longer now to reach Stanley Falls, about 1,200 miles from the coast, than it did to reach Stanley Pool, 325 miles inland three years ago.

Some of these steamboats are pushing up the large affluents of the Congo, which, according to Stanley, will make 5,000 miles of river navigation in the Congo basin available to commerce. We are treated every little while to some fresh surprise with regard to the great river or its tributaries. M. Giraud, for instance, who returned to France the other day from his trip to the head waters of the Congo, says the river after leaving Lake Bangweolo turns abruptly southwest, and flows in that direction for 150 miles before it turns north toward Lake Moero. If his information is correct, it adds nearly 300 miles to the length of the river, which, since Stanley followed it to the ocean, has been known to be the greatest river in Africa, and probably second only to the Amazon in the volume of water it pours into the sea, and in its navigable extent.

The work of suppressing the Arab slave dealers from Zanzibar bids fair to involve the new state in serious responsibilities. Sixteen months ago the most western point reached by these Arabs was Nyangwe on the Congo, about 300 miles west of Lake Tanganyika. They have recently appeared, however, 300 miles further down the Congo, and have desolated villages and dragged the natives into slavery in territory claimed by the International association. It was in this part of the Congo that Gordon expected to face the slave dealer and force him to give up his cruel trade, and it will be a beneficent work if the International association rescues the natives of the upper Congo from this scourge of central Africa.

A Millionaire's Appetite.

[The Cook.]

"Plain meats and vegetables, good bread and butter, good milk, sometimes porridge or grits for breakfast, satisfy me," says Jay Gould. "As you may suppose, I find my time filled up pretty well with business, and I certainly find that I can get along better when my food is the plainest of the plain. I have never lost my fondness for the country food I used to be accustomed to in my boyhood, and I think I could relish one of those 'midnight' melons as well as I did then, although I should probably eat it at a different time. Elaborate dinners are terrible things.

"I remember once being at one and eating some dish. I forget the name of it, which was very good, but after which I was sick for a week. Now when I go to them I take a little soup if it is plain, a piece of roast meat or game and some plain potatoes, if I can get them. If not, some peas or in fact any vegetable, provided it is without sauce, for I have found that these sauces, which they put on what would otherwise be good, spoil the food—at least for me. For the rest of the time I sit at the table, play with something on my plate and pass the time as well as I can."

Wanted a Western Drink.

[Philadelphia News.]

"Hit me with a little vitriol mixed with broken glass," said a man who might have been taken for the worst man in the west to a Philadelphia bartender the other morning, "and fire in a few rattle-snake stings along with it. I'm from Dead Man's Gulch, I am!"

"That's a western order, sir. I don't understand it," was the reply.

"Don't you know what vitriol is?"

"Yes."

"Don't you know what glass is?"

"Yes."

"Don't you know what rattlesnake stings is?"

"No."

"Well, throw in a little red pepper. It will make a weak drink for me, but I'll have to go you. It's a mean section of country, this."

MAN'S INHUMANITY.

AN EARLY MORNING TOUR BY MR. BERGH'S OFFICERS.

Looking After the Physical Welfare of the Animals of the Great City—Incidents of Interest—A Word in Season.

[New York Herald.]

The vast majority of the population of the metropolis is asleep when, at half-past 3 a. m., the stable gate of the society's building is thrown open, and "Old Gray," harnessed to the red four-wheeled business wagon, with the official seal on the side, darts into the street. Superintendent Charles Hankinson hold the reins, and accompanying him are three of his officers. They are on their early morning tour of the great city to ferret out and stop the cruelties of man to animals of every kind. "Old Gray" knows the route, and, striking one of the great East side avenues, turns his head northward and speeds along in the direction of the Harlem bridge. As the wagon nears the car-stables it is stopped. A car comes rumbling on with a half-awake driver and a limping team of old "plugs."

"Stop!" cries the superintendent to the driver.

"What for?" is the sleepy reply.

"Those horses are lame. You'll have to turn them out and take them back to the car stables."

"Well, boss," says the driver, who, from being often lame and sick himself and yet compelled to work, has a sympathetic feeling for the poor horses, "I've been lookin' out for you and, to tell the truth, I'm glad I've met you. I didn't want to go out with them. I'll take them back."

A little further on an ill-natured fellow is caught whacking his famished-looking horse over the head with savage earnestness. Scarcely before he knows of their presence the society's officers have wrested the whip from his uplifted hand, and before they part from him they give him emphatic warning not to repeat his act of cruelty. The saloons are by this time opening, and the bartenders are out on the sidewalks sweeping broken glass into the streets. "Old Gray" is reined in in front of the foremost of the offenders. The man has just completed his sweeping.

"Do you know that there is a lot of broken glass in that rubbish?" asked the superintendent.

"I guess so," indifferently.

"You'll have to pick the glass out of the street and throw it elsewhere!"

The bartender would much rather fight than undertake the task, but he looks first at the official seal and then at the four officers, and finally, with many mutterings, does as he is bidden. All the other offenders are treated in the same determined manner. Some of them understand the meaning of the law; the majority do not know what to make of it at all. The superintendent has driven away from the last of these indignant dispensers of liquor when his attention is attracted to a "plug ugly" who is strolling along the street with a dog with almost as little claims to good looks as himself. An unfortunate cat crosses their path. "Sick 'em," cries the plug ugly. The dog dashes after tabby. His master is in the hight of his enjoyment over the imminent risk that the cat runs of being overtaken and ill-treated, when some one grabs him by the coat-collar. He turns around in astonishment and is face to face with the officers.

"Call back that dog," says the superintendent.

Plug ugly takes in the situation at a glance and whistled for the brute, who returns to his side.

"Now, take that dog under your charge," says the officer, "and don't let me find you cat-hunting again."

In the distance a string of dirt and contractor's carts is seen. There are about a dozen men on them. Suddenly all of the carts become driverless.

"The've caught sight of the gray," cries the superintendent.

When the red wagon arrives alongside of the carts the horses are found to be suffering from sore backs. They are taken to the nearest stable and left there, subject to the society's order.

At Harlem bridge a number of expressmen are encountered. They have got out their working stock of lame and diseased horses, and are hurrying them across the river at this early hour to avoid coming in contact with Mr. Bergh's officers. Surprised at their tricks, they reluctantly return, at the superintendent's command, to their stables.

Across the bridge a caravan of farmers carrying vegetables to market is met. Three out of every four have broken-winded horses. They are all turned back.

"But my team has come from t'other end of Westchester," urges one of the more obstinate of the number.

"You cannot go to market with them," is the reply. "Next time set out with a good team and you will fare better."

The red wagon rattles over the west side of town, and once more is making its way through the the thickly-populated streets. Truckman after truckman is caught, either beating his horse or driving a disabled animal. The whip is snatched from him, or the poor brute is taken away. At Franklin street, where the stock comes in, a longer stop than usual is made. Calves and sheep are, by order of the officers, fed and watered. In Washington market the calves that are on their way to the slaughter-houses are, if crowded, taken out and the load lessened. The licensed venders in this and Gansevoort markets are overhauled, and every one of their horses is examined to find out if it is in good condition. If any sores are discovered the venders are made to shift the saddles so that they will not come in contact with the sores.

The red wagon, when it arrives at the postoffice building, remains there long enough for the officers to alight and look at all the horses in the service. If any animal is unfit for work it is sent to the nearest stable, and before the mail can be carried to its destination fresh horses have to be procured.

By this time the superintendent has quite a collection of whips, and has met with many piteous appeals from New Jersey and Lond Island farmers who have been half frightened to death at their encounter with him, not knowing whether their offense was punishable by simple arrest or whether they are liable to be hanged for it.

The officers' work is not yet ended. At the fish markets if they find turtles tied by the fins they compel the dealers to untie them. They see that fowls are properly housed, and if overcrowded on wagons extra coops are secured and the fowls watered and fed. It is not an unfrequent occurrence for rude men to urge their dogs to bite the pets which accompany ladies through the streets. These officers put a stop to this pastime also.